

A *Steve Parish* **KIDS** Story Book

Little Penguins



Story by Rebecca Johnson

Photos by Steve Parish



The mother penguin
was very excited.
She and her mate
had been taking it
in turns to sit on
their two large
white eggs for
nearly five weeks.

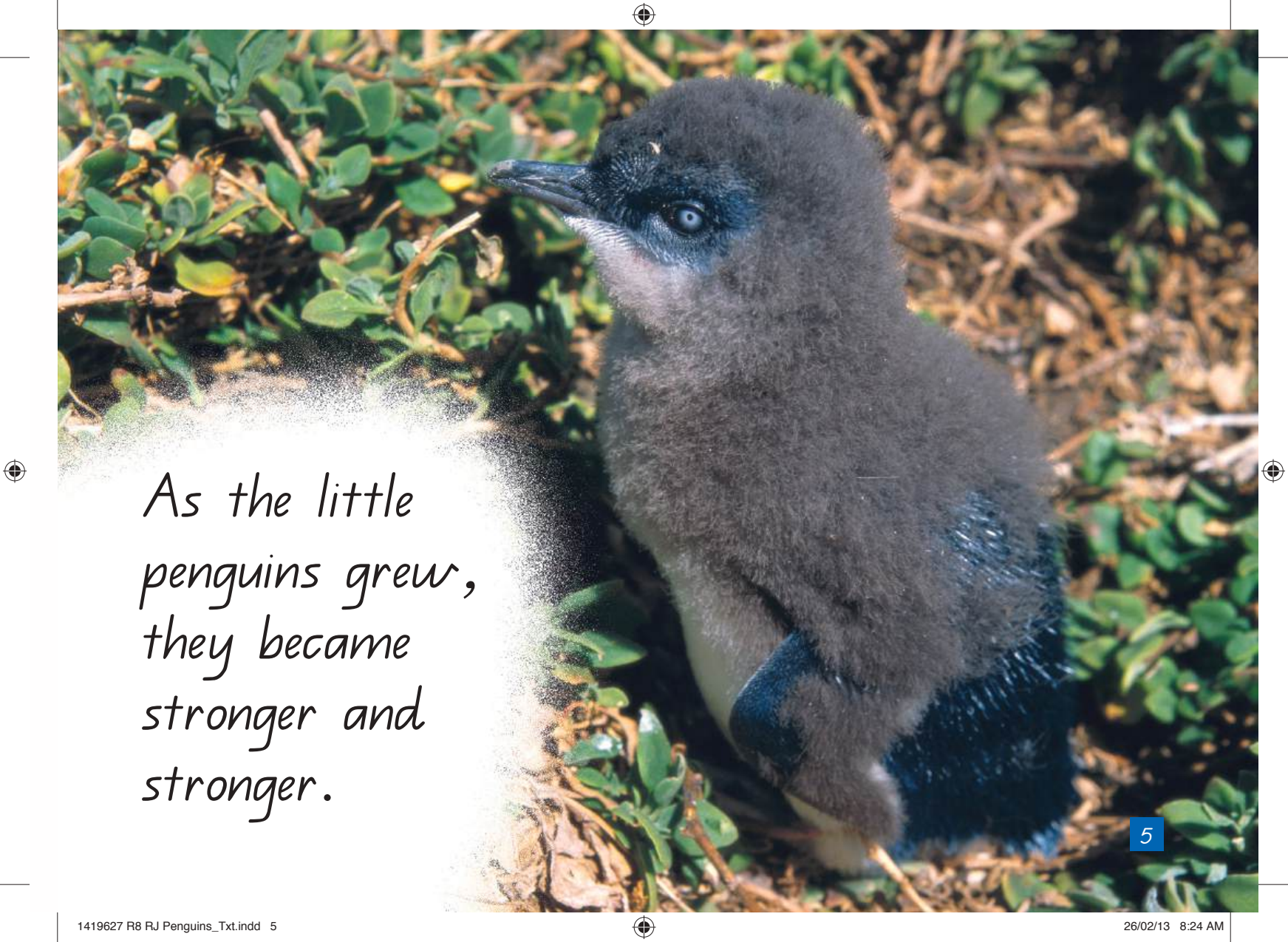
*Now the eggs
were starting
to hatch.*

*The parents
could not
believe their
luck when they saw
their two beautiful little sons.*





*They loved
both chicks equally,
and spent eight weeks feeding them
and keeping them warm.*

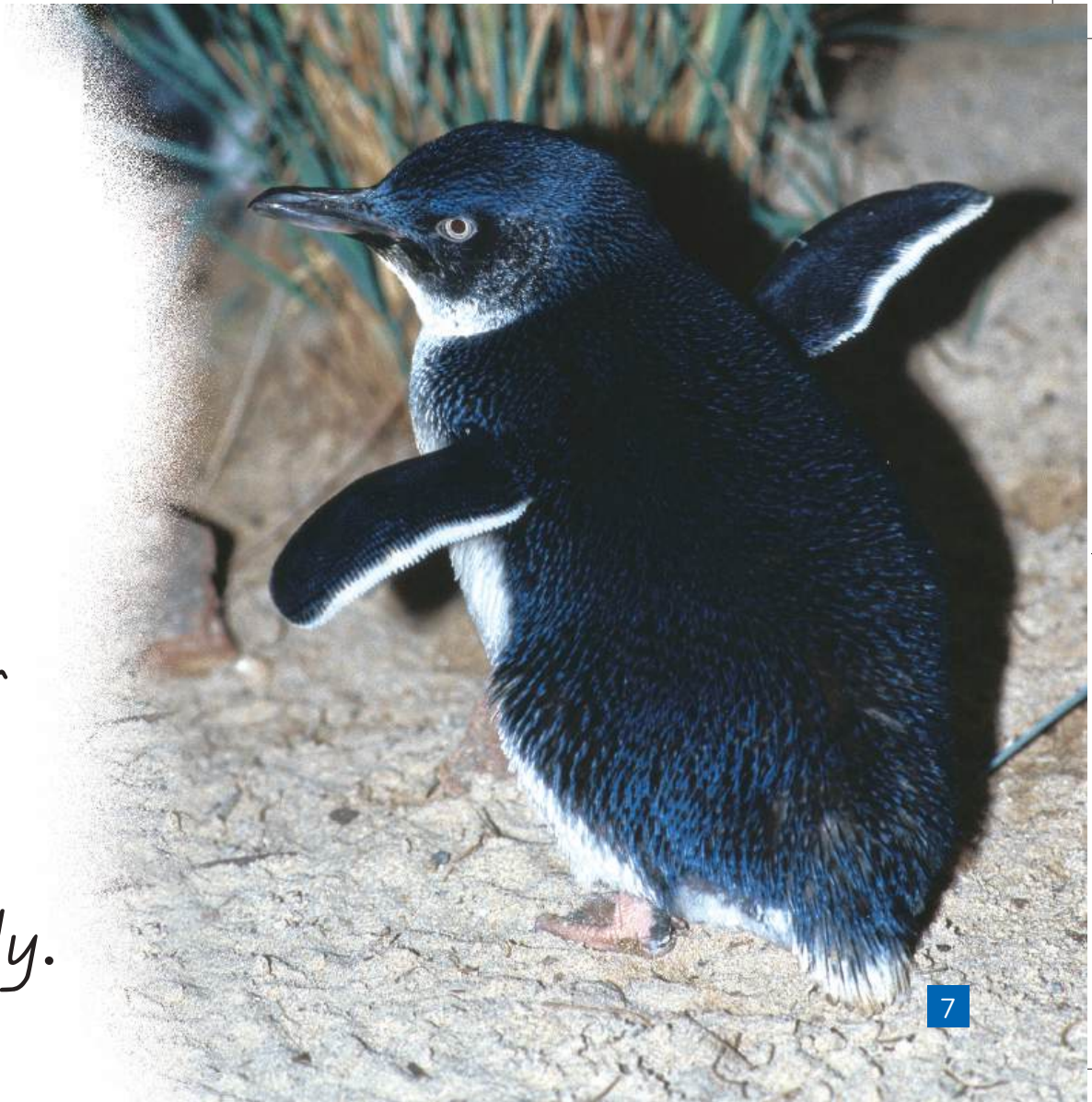


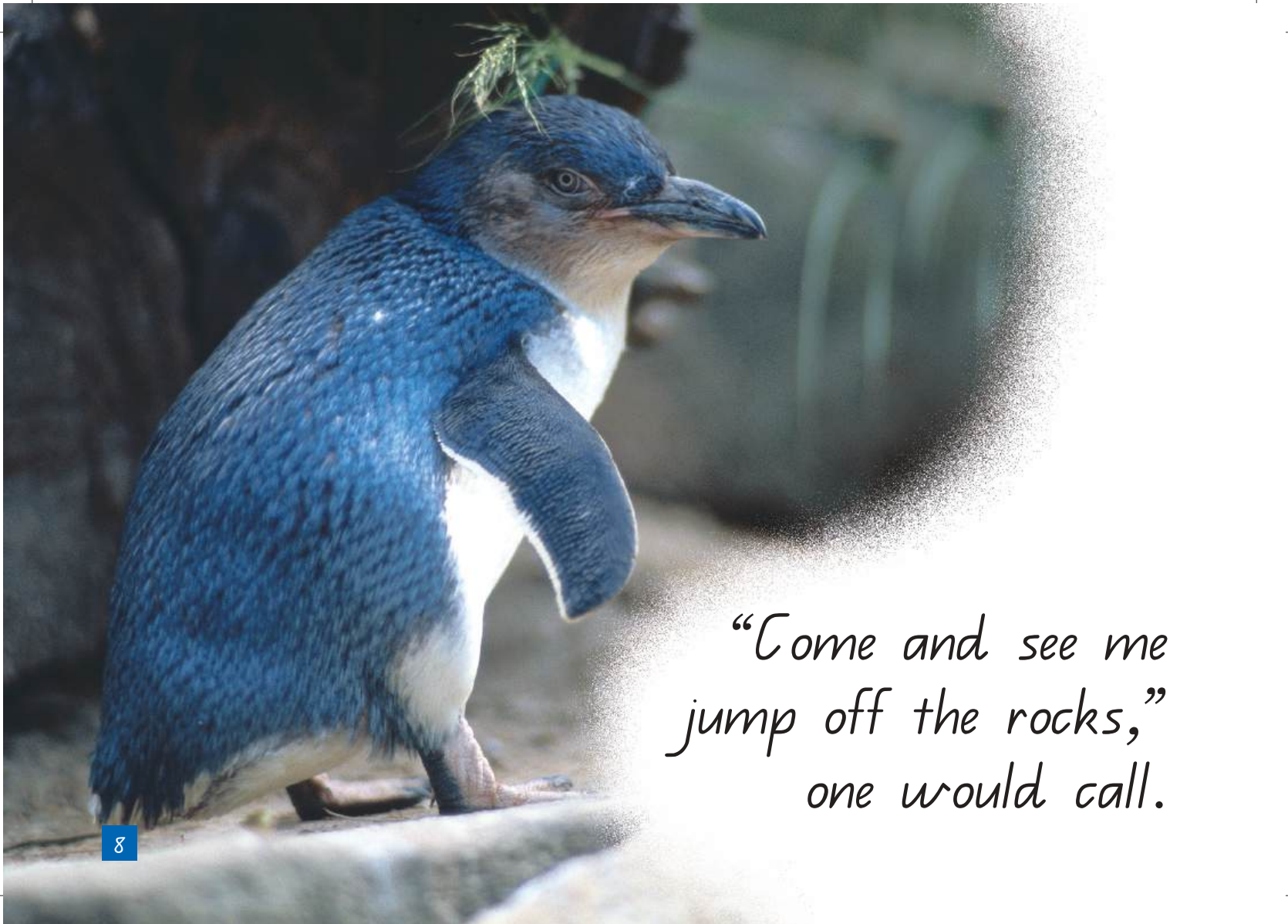
*As the little
penguins grew,
they became
stronger and
stronger.*



*“Look how fast
I can run,”
one would say.*

*“I’m faster
than you!”
the other
would reply.*





*“Come and see me
jump off the rocks,”
one would call.*

*“That’s nothing,”
would come
the reply,
“I could
do that
yesterday.”*

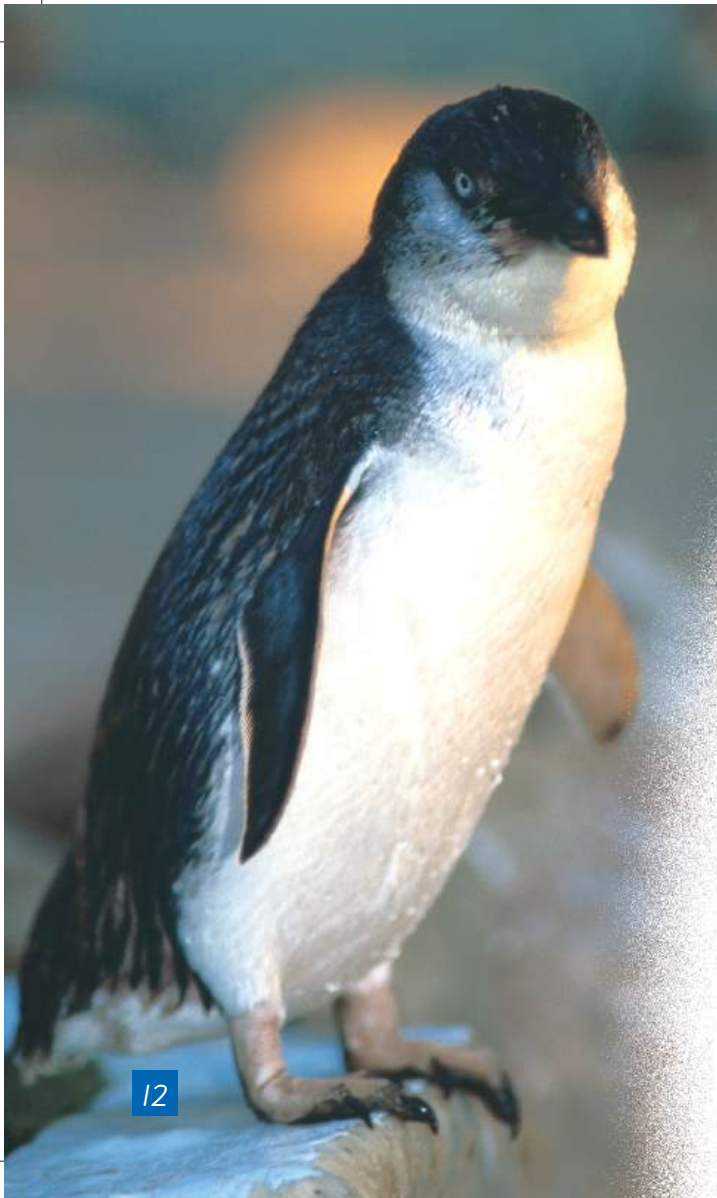




*Their mother
pleaded for them
to stop competing.
“You are both
strong and
both clever.
Please stop trying
to be better than
each other.”*

*But the little
penguins would
not listen.
They turned
everything into
a race, and
boasted loudly
to their friends
when one beat the other.*



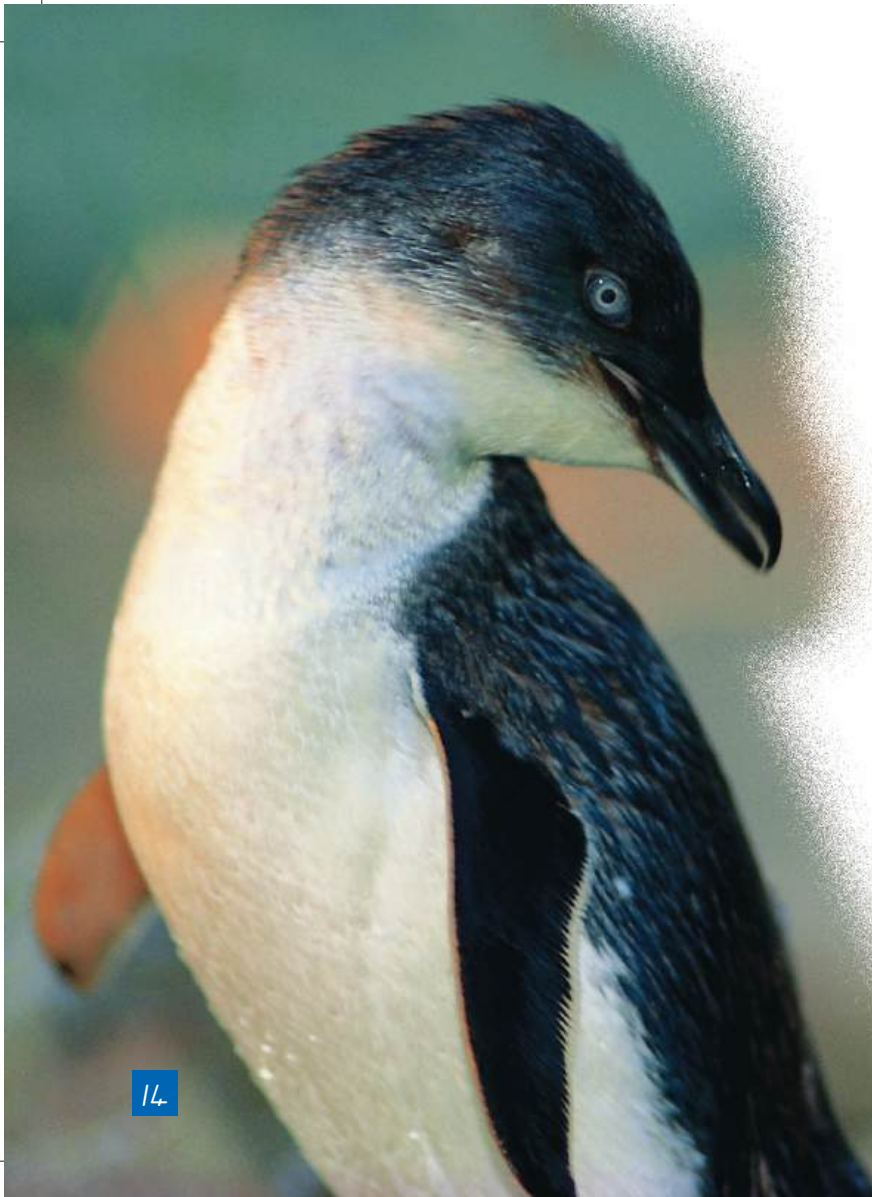


One day
their father said,
“I’m going to teach
you boys how to fish
in the sea today.”

“Oh, I’m going
to be great at this!”
said one little penguin.

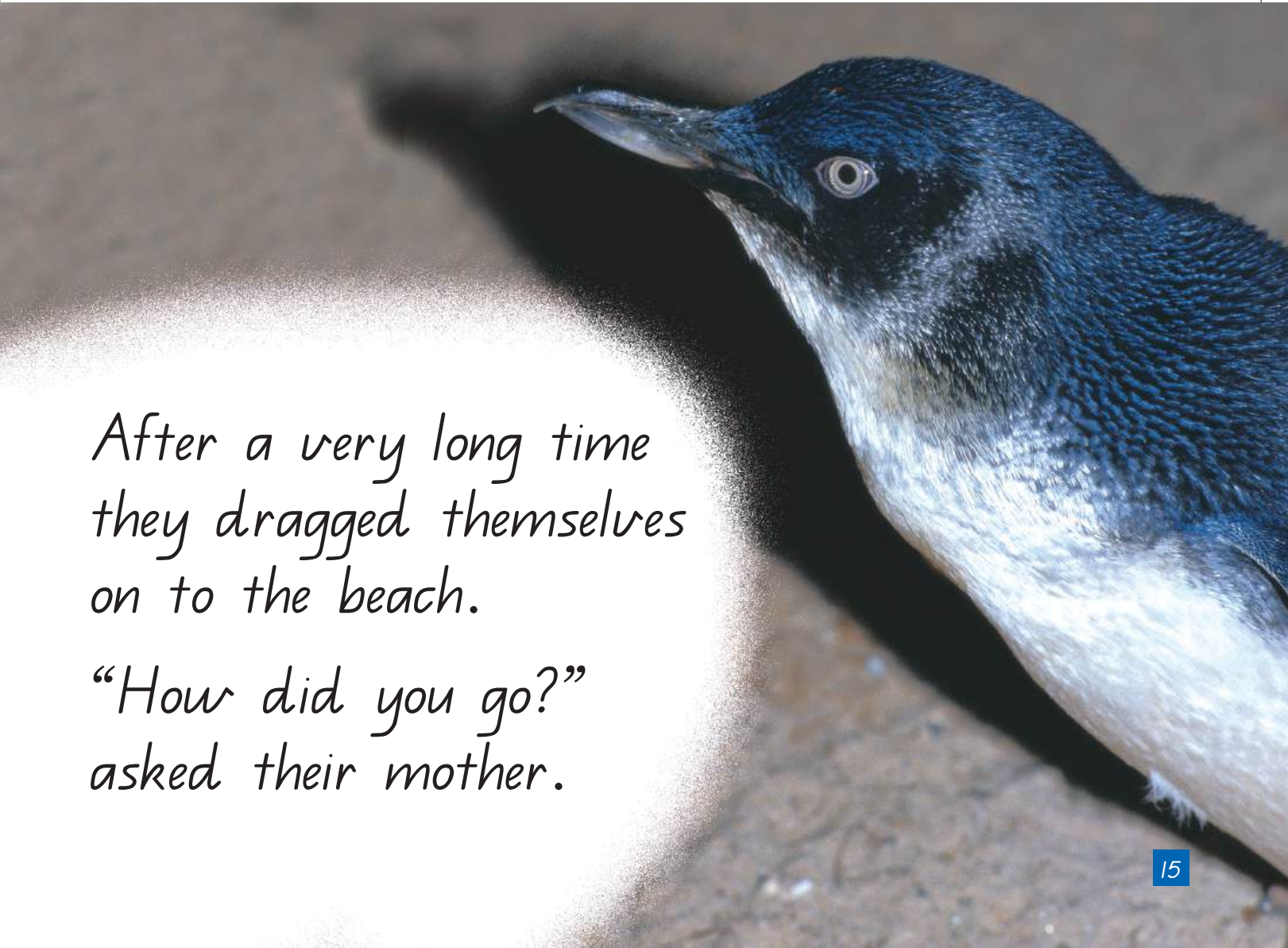


*“Not as good as I’m going to be,”
called the other as he dived into the sea.*



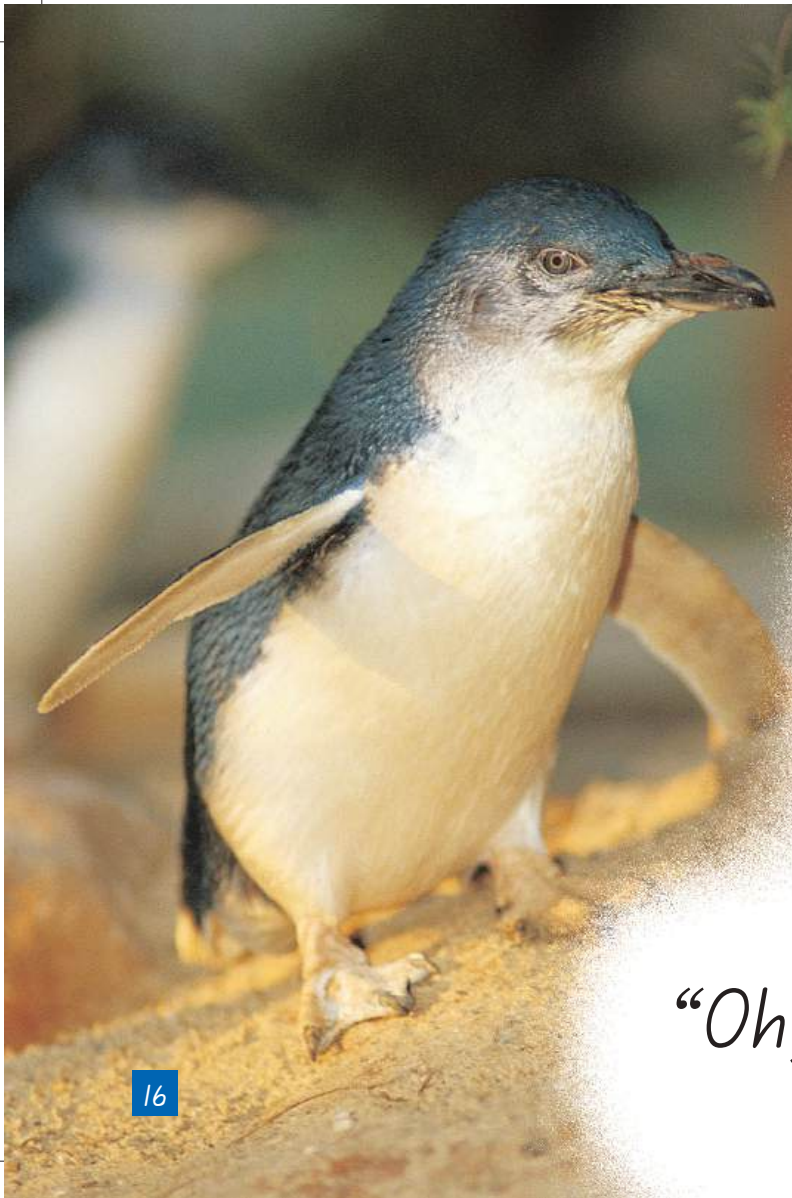
*Their father stood
on the shore and
shook his head.*

*He watched his sons
diving wildly
among the schools
of fish.*



*After a very long time
they dragged themselves
on to the beach.*


*“How did you go?”
asked their mother.*



The little penguins
looked at each other
for a moment. Then
one quickly held out
his flippers and said,
“Oh, no trouble at all.

I caught a fish
that was this big.”

“Oh, really?” said his father.

A photograph of a small penguin chick, likely a species of penguin, standing on a rock. The chick has a white body with a dark blue or black head and neck. Its wings are outstretched to the sides. The background is a blurred, dark blue-grey color.

*“That’s nothing,”
cried the other
brother. “My fish
was THIS big!”*



“Isn’t that lucky!” said
the father penguin.
“Mum and I
won’t need
to catch dinner
for you two
tonight.” And he
went off to bed.

The next morning the father penguin offered to show the boys how to fish again.

One son said, “You can show my brother. I don’t need any help.” And he dived into the sea.



“I don’t need help either,”
the other little penguin called as
he chased his brother into the sea.

A long time later the little
penguins emerged again.

“Lucky again?” asked their mother.

“I caught an even bigger fish
this time!” boasted one little penguin.



“Mine was bigger than that!”
snapped the other brother.

“That’s great,” said their
father. “We haven’t had
to catch food for you boys
for two whole days!”

And so the parent penguins
set off for bed.





The next morning
the little penguins
were so hungry
they could hardly
walk.

“Anyone for
a fishing lesson?”
asked their father.

“Yes please!”
they both squawked.
The little penguins
began to laugh.

“We have been really silly,
haven’t we?” one said to the other shyly.

“I am the worst fishing penguin
in the world!” giggled the other.





*“I am so proud of you boys,” said their father.
“It takes a lot more courage to admit you can’t
do something, and ask for help, than it does to
pretend you can. Let’s all go fishing together.”*